DREAM LIFE IN REAL LIFE

This great meeting or all nations under Heaven was a time of searching of hearts, and many were the Fates then crossed. But outwardly it was a scene of motley splendour such as our generation shall never again see. There in the red sandstone halls of the Great Moghul, and in the white brilliance of the loveliest room in all the world, where the electric lights seemed to penetrate inches deep into the pearl shell walls of the Diwan-i-Khas, and make the gilding dazzling. Lady Curzon floated in her peacock robe over the mosaic pavement where once royal feet had passed, while the band played memories of the might-have-beens.

It was the most dazzling spectacle of our generation. Those who had witnessed the Imperial balls in the Winter Palace, Europe's proudest assemblies, said they paled before the splendour of this. Yet how many weary hearts that brave show concealed ! To how many that great reunion brought pain and

disappointment of long-cherished dreams I
To how many in that fairy phantom city of the
Durbar Camp came home with terrible force
and icy blast of withered hopes, perhaps the

saddest